Religious Miscellany.

A BEULAH SONG.

"And I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there."-

God has given me a song-A song of trust; And I sing it all day long, Every hour it sweeter grows, Keeps my soul in blest repose, Just how restful no one knows But those who trust.

Oh, I sing it on the mountain, In the light; Where the radiance of God's sunshins All my path seems bright and clear, Heavenly land seems very near, And I almost do appear To walk by sight.

And I sing it in the valley, Dark and low, When my heart is crushed with sorrow Then the shadows flee away, Like the night when dawns the day; Trust in God brings light alway. I find it so.

When I sing it in the desert, Parched and dry, Living streams begin to flow A rich supply; Verdure in abundance grows, Deserts blossom like a rose, And my heart with gladness glows, At God's reply

For I've crossed the river Jordan, And I stand In the blessed land of promise Beulah land! Trusting is like breathing here, Just as easy; doubt and fear Vanish in his atmosphere,

And life is grand. —Christian Standard.

Mrs. Brown.

"Mrs. Brown?" I said to Jane; " don't know any one of that name.'

"I think she is the person who keeps the boarding-house," replied Jane; "and she said she would only detain you a few

"Very well, you may ask her to come in here," I said; but my tone was not sufficiently cordial to have been reassuring te Mrs. Brown if she had heard me; for Jane had announced my visitor at the same time that she brought in my lunch, and the novel I was reading was interesting enough to have made me regret any visitor, particularly one in whom I felt no

Mrs. Brown followed Jane into the room, and shook hands with me in such a deprecating way that I at once forgot my lunch and my book in an attempt to make her feel at ease. She was a little shabbilydressed woman, with a faded, dragged-out look, but her face brightened pleasantly as she spoke.

"I must apologiza for troubling you, Mrs. Harlow," she said, "but I have been appointed collector of the Ladies' Missionary Society, and I came to see if you would be a subscriber."

"I am sure you need make no apology," I said; "any one who undertakes the office of collecting ought to be thanked, and I am glad you came to remind me of a neglected duty. I have been here so short a time that I did not even know there was such a society."

"We do not meet in the summer, but we like to make our collections now so that we may have the money when we commence work again. How much shall I put you down for ?"

How much ought I to give ?" "That is not for me to say," she answered; "the usual yearly subscription is

"You are very moderate; you may put ms down for ten." Her face shope as if a ray of sunshine

had touched it. "Oh, Mrs. Harlow, you don't know how much good that will do !"

much good that will do!"

"It is a very lszy way of doing good,"
I answered. "I would rather give twice
that than go around as you are doing."

"We can only give what we have," she
said, simply; "I have very little money
to spare, but plenty of time."

"And yet you have that large boardinghouse. I should not think you would
have much leisure."

have much leisure."

"I have to plan for it, of course," she said, "but I have the afternoon now till five o'clock, and later in the week I can get a little more time."

"You make me ashamed of myself," I said; "here am I, with nothing in the world to do, spending my days in embroidery and reading. My lazy life has really troubled me since we came here, but it did not seem as if there was any work for me. The people all appear to be hardworking and industrious, and I couldn't think of anything to do for them."

"It is a prosperous place," Mrs. Brown said. "I don't know of a really destitute family anywhere around here; but, Mrs. Harlow, do you think the very poor people are the ones we can help?"
"I don't know," I answered vaguely;

but, as I said this, a thought struck me. Couldn't I do something to bring to look of pleasure into the woman's tired face? I spoke with the sudden impulse

"Mrs. Brown, won't you take lunch with me? It is ready, you see, and you will not lose any time, for I will send you in my carriage to the other places where you are going this afternoon."

Her face expressed so much pleasure that I was ashamed of having thought regretfully even for a moment of my book. Jane brought in the necessary additions, and the tray was placed on the table be-

"I don't know why you should be so kind," said Mrs. Brown, as she took her seat; "and you can't tell what a treat it is to me. It is the first time I have taken a meal away from my own table for five vears.

She did not say this at all in a com-plaining way, but I could scarcely keep the tears back; her simple statement of the fact told so much; and yet I suppose I could scarcely comprehend what this woman's life had been—a struggle for the barest necessaries of life through long years, uncheered by love or sympathy. What right had I to my life of luxurious ease? I was no more worthy than she, and yet I had never known what it was

not to be surrounded by loving friends.

As I saw her almost childish enjoyment of everything I began to feel how terribly selfish I had been. I had never before realized that the very sight of my home, of this room, for instance, with its dainty furnishings, might be a treat to some woman with beauty-loving eyes, famished for the sight of that which was

with something, and I am very seldom disappointed,"
"What disagreeable people they must

"For the Lord, thy God, bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills."—Deuteronomy viii: 7. pay the lowest possible price, and then they want the best of everything—cream on their oatmeal, for instance, and vegetables and fruit as soon as they come in market; but I suppose it is human na-

> "I suppose it is," I said, "but it must be very hard for you."
>
> "It is a monotonous life, but what else could I do? My husband died when we had been married only a year. I had been a teacher before I was married, but I could not teach or do anything else that would take me sway. My husband was a widower when I married him, with one child, a poor little crippled girl, and, of course, on her account I had to find something that I could do at home; so I county a hoarding house that last resort opened a boarding-house, that last resort for poor forlorn women."

She said all this as cheerfully as I would have talked of going to the seaside; but it sounded so unutterably pathetic that I could find no words to an-

swer her. She went on : "The greatest trial I have is that I can do so little good; and yet I don't envy you your opportunities, for your responsi-bilities are so much greater than mine." "You make me feel humiliated," I said sadly." I prove

said, sadly; "I never realized that I had any special opportunities, and I do not think in all my life I have ever done anything for anybody that cost me any self-

"Then I am very sorry for you," she said, "and I wouldn't change places for all your wealth."

No one had ever spoken so to me before. I had been petted and flattered; I had been called liberal because I gave freely of money which had cost me no trouble to gain; but I had never had any one to show me the pleasure and joy of a self-sacrificing life.

"Won't you have some more choco-late?" I said, feeling as if in ministering to this plain woman I was ministering to one of God's chosen ones; and then I asked, humbly, "What can I do? I call myself a Christian, and I have always fancied I lived as a Christian should, but you have made me feel as if all my life had been wasted."

"I should think in a life as full and. rich as yours there would be so much that you could make most of your days thank-offerings to the Lord. Why, before you get to the sacrifices there are so many things that would be nothing for you to do, and yet would give so much pleasure to other people. There are your horses and carriages, and your fruit, and your flowers, and your dainty dishes, that most people have neither time or skill to prepare. My dear Mrs. Harlow, I cannot tell what your duties are; I can only see what is on the surface. The real work that the love of Christ ought to impel you to do, that you must find for yourself."

"Can you give me the name of some one in the village to whom I could begin to minister?" I said. "You know I am such a stranger here, and one cannot send

even flowers promiscuously."
"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Brown; "I can give you the names of a dozen." So I took pencil and paper and wrote them down as she told them to me, and as soon as she had started on her errand

of charity again, I commenced my new labors. They did not prove to be easy by any means. It was no trouble to send flowers to old Mrs. Bush, who was a helpless invalid; but when the servant who had taken them finally brought back a request that I would go and see her—that was hard; and good Mrs. Brown, in her utter that I would go and see him led hard; and good Mrs. Brown, in her utter hard; and good Mrs. Brown, in her utter boys are poisoned, debauched and ruined by the accursed cup. Shall this curse their benefactor; yet we see him led down to Tower Hill, a prisoner, for swindling. Fast living is not true many than to be devoured by this dragon? it was to me to go to some of the places where she took me—to homes where sick-One thing led to so many others that I had no more idle mornings to spend in smbroidering and reading novels; there was always some one who needed something. There was a sick child whom I could take out riding, or an older person to whom I could go and read; there were baskets of dainties needed somewhere, or there were bouquets to be made, or there was some one to whom it would be a treat to come and spend a week in my

There were so many things to be done that the days seemed only too short for the doing of them. It must be confessed that I longed sometimes for the flesh-pots of Egypt. I thought regretfully of the old weeks and months that I had spent in idle content; but every day made these longings less, for I grew to feel more and more what I had not previously comprehended, the real joy there is in a life lived not for self; and this joy grows fuller every year, as it must as one grows in the knowledge that life is val-uable only as it is lived for the sake of Christ; that one's time, and talents, and wealth, and opportunities are to be used always for him until the earthly life is entered upon in the presence of the King.

—Flora M. Wright, in Christian Union.

"Keep Up, Christians!"

As I was riding along in the south of As I was riding along in the south of France one day I saw a pair of fine birds overhead. The driver called out in the French tongue, "Eagles!" Yes; and there was a man below with a gun who was wishful to get a nearer acquaintance with the eagles; but they did not come down to oblige him. He pointed his rifle at them, but his shots did not reach half way, for the royal birds kept above. The higher air is the fit dominion for eagles. higher air is the fit dominion for eagles. Up there is the eagle's playground, where he plays with the callow lightnings. Up above the smoke and clouds he dwells. Keep there, eagles! Keep there! If men can get within range they mean no good to you. Keep up, Christians! Keep up in the higher element, resting in Jesus Christ, and do not come down to find a perch, for yourself among the trees of perch for yourself among the trees of philosophy.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A Pastor's Prayer. If I should seem to labor in vain, let not my heart fail; move me by thy spirit to persevere. It may be that thou hereby desirest to keep me humble, and to make me feel my own insufficiency, and to trust more entirely to thy grace, and to seek thy help more earnestly in prayer. It may be thou makest trial of my patience, withholding a blessing that I may seek it with more importunity and I may seek it with more importunity and continue laboring in faith. Or it may be nome, of this room, for instance, with its dainty furnishings, might be a treat to some woman with beauty-loving eyes, famished for the sight of that which was lacking in her own house.

"It is so delightful," said Mrs. Brown, "to sit down to a meal in which I don't lost down to a meal in which I don't lost the standard of the sight of the s feel any responsibility. At home I am visible fruit of my labors in this life.— always expecting some one to find fault Selected.

Comperance.

THE LAUGHTER OF THE DRUNKARD.

The laughter of the drunkard, It ringeth in my ear Like strates of hellish music, So full of dread and fear. It brings such bitter feelings, That, in the silent hour, I can not drive it from me Such is its awful power!

The laughter of the drunkard! 'Tis the saddest sound I know— Like the shouting of the bondman, It only speaks of woe! It tells me of a soul decayed, Of godilke reason fied: That memory and sense are gone, And self-respect is dead!

The laughter of the drunkard! What scenes of dark despair It bringeth on the faithful wife, And children of his care. He, who once looked so lowingly. And knelt with them in prayer. Now laughs to scorn the joys of home, And breathes out curses

The laughter of the drunkard! The sadness and the misery. It hath for them in store. Hope fleeth from its presence For love and truth have flown; And conscience swift retireth From the demon on the throne!

The laughter of the drunkard! Great God! be thou my friend, And save me from the drunkard's mirth, And from the drunkard's end! Incline my feet in wisdom's way, , And till my fleeting breath depart, I'll bless thy glorious name. - Selected.

"Oh, My Poor Boy,"

There are persons who find amusement in the misery and madness of the intemperate; and there are temperance speakers who evoke mirth by picturing scenes which cause only misery. But those who have experienced the terrible evils of intemperance find little amusement in such exhibitions. Said one woman, into whose family the curse had entered, "When I temperance lecturers mimic and make fun of men who get drunk, it makes me mad! It is no laughing matter to have a man come home drunk!" There are some women-God pity them !-who have known what it is to see for the first time a husband or a son drunk! Who can tell the anguish of those through whose souls the sword has been thrust Those who have seen such a sight will not soon forget it. Those who have not seen it may count themselves happy. "About the year 1863," says J. F. San-derson, "I saw a scene I shall never for-get. I was walking down the main street of Nashua, N. H., and came in sight of Jim Bright's saloon, a horrible place, from which honest and sober people turned aside with disgust and dismay. As I drew near, the door opened, and I saw them lead out a boy of fourteen or fifteen years, who was drunk, sick and helpless. Being unable to walk, he sat down upon the sidewalk, the picture of wretchedness and distress. A number of persons stood around him, laughing at his pitiable condition, and cracking their customary barroom jokes. As I drew nearer, I saw a well-dressed, bright, intelligent-looking lady walking up the street. She came along, apparently happy and unconcerned, until she was opposite the saloon, when she cast a glance at the helpless creature on the sidewalk, and exclaimed, in tones that I shall never forget: 'Oh, my poor boy!' It seemed as if a lifetime of agony was condensed into that one exclamation, which marked a revelation of such sorrow as she had never known before. She could not leave him in his misery and disgrace. Some of the by-standers helped him up, and the poor mother led away her drunken boy." There are places all about us where mere and love righteousness rouse themselves from their slumbers, and seek to banish this dire and bitter evil from the homes and haunts of men ?- Selected.

Make Drunkenness a Crime.

The venerable Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, late preacher to Harvard col-lege, in a recent letter on the sale and use of intoxicating liquors expresses the belief that the only remedy for intemper-ance is to make drunkenness the prime offence, and to bring about a state of public feeling in which drunkenness and all approaches to it shall be looked upon with the same disesteem, loathing and in-tense moral disapprobation with which the attempt is made to brand the sale of spirituous liquors. He says: "Stigmatize the sale and the seller as you please, I care not with how deep a brand, if you will only make one deeper still for those whose vice makes the sale infamous. The most efficient legislation in behalf of tem-perance would be subjecting intoxication in all cases to ignominious punishment.
What the law makes ignominious society
will hold in like disesteem. If a young man of a respectable family is liable to be locked up in a house of correction for coming home drunk from a convivial gathering, not only will he be restrained from excessive indulgence, but his parents and friends will be very careful how they start him on the first steps of the evil way. Making drunkenness infamous would do more than all things else toward checking, and to a very large degree entirely preventing, the use of strong drink of any kind in families and on occasions of social festivity, and would be a strong drink of any kind in families and on occasions of social festivity, and would be a strong drink of any kind in families and on occasions of social festivity, and would be a strong drink of the strong drink multiply beyond any other conceivable cause the number of total abstinents." -Selected.

Nasby on the Liquor Question.

"Bascom," said Issaker humbly, "set out the bottle." "I understood yer a go-ing to inogerate a movment to tax me?" "We won't discus that jist now," sed Is-saker; "set out the bottle." "You can't hev a drop," replied Bascom. Issaker sot out this little conversashen and left for Pollock's store, leaving the rest uv us in a state of demoralizashen. Ef this pore lunatic diskivers that he kin buldoze Bascom, he may get to buldozing me, and ef the people ginerally diskiver that they kin git on without us, what becomes uv the organization? Why Issaker Gavitt, ef he kin break away from sod-corn whiskey, may git to votin the republican tikkit. And ere these thots hed past like litenin thru my mind ther wuz a sound uv tin pans and dinner horns, and a perceshun uv these wimin halted in front uv the door. They wuz Mirandy Pogrem, Mrs. Gavitt, and Mrs. Kernel M'Pelter. They wuz all without shoes or stockins, wich condishun they showed rather conspicuously. Mirandy Pogrem kerried a banner on wich wuz inscribed: "Bascom sells licker and our husbands drink it Mrs. Bascom wears shose wich button, red reply, "hi guess—hic—she won't be very silk stockins and silk gowns. We aint likely—hic—ter find me in."

got shoes or stockins uv any kind, and find calico difikilt to git. Red stockins or blud." Mrs. Gavitt hed another with or blud." Mrs. Gavitt ned another with this: "Did yu ever kno a saloonkeeper's wife to go barefoot?" And Mrs. Kernel M'Pelter hed this inskription on hers: "Is our husband's stummicks uv more importance than our feet ?" On the rite hand uv each banner wuz a pare uv red stockins, and uader em: "What Mrs. Bascom wears!" And on tother a pare uv bare feet, and under them: "The stockins we ware!" And with these hidden banners they started off and paraded jus banners they started off and paraded the streets, and every step they took wimen jined ther ranks with tin horns wimen jined ther rause with and tin pans, til the entire femine pope-and tin pans, til the entire femine popelashen uv the Corners jined them. Joe Bigler stood calmly on the corner uv Bascom's, wonderin wat it was al about! That feend painted every one uv them baners, and organized the percession. Be-tween Mr. and Mrs. Bascom's insane am-bishn to wear nu close, and Bigler and Pollock's feendish ingenuity in stirrin' up disturbances, I am in a bad way. I wish I cood retire on a competence. I wud that some life insurance agent wud calkilate the chances uv life in me, and some distiler wud give enuf barls to last that time out, and let me lay down to it in pece. Life is becomin' too egsitin for a man uv my age.
P. V. Nassy (almost disparin).

The Strongest Drink.

Water is the strongest drink. It drives mills; it's the drink of lions and horses, and Samson never drank anything else. Let young men be teetotalers if only for economy's sake. The beer money will soon build a house. If what goes into the mash-tub went into the kneading-trough, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, work houses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the pub-lic and thinks the landlord's bow and "How do ye do, my good fellows," mean true respect, is a perfect simpleton. We don't light fires for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pothouses for laborers' good; if they do, they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink "for the good of the house?" If I spend money for the good of any house, let it be my own and not the landlord's. It is a bad well into which you must put water; and the beer house is a bad friend, because it takes your all and leaves you nothing but headaches. He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together is ignorant—very ignorant. Why, red lions and tigers and eagles and vultures are all creatures of prey, and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy and their pockets so bare, would leave off wonderng, if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm tree for pears as look to leose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the public house for happiness climb a tree to find fish .- Spurgeon

True Manliness.

Every young man considers it high praise to be called a manly "fellow;" and yet how many false ideas there are of manliness! Physical strength is not the best. Samson was endowed with tre-mendous bodily powers. He was a grand specimen of humanity. See him rending the lion as he would a kid, or carrying away the gate of Gaza. But he was a weak creature after all, unable to resist the wiles of an artful woman. Great intellect is not the test of true manhood. Some of the most intellectual men who ever lived were not manly. Lord Francis Bacon was a prodigy of intellect. The sciences sat at his feet, extolling him as liness. Some men think that to strut and puff and swear is to be manly. some the essentials are to "toss off their glass like a man," spend money freely "like a man," "smoke like a man," "drive a fast horse like a man," forgetting that virtue is true manliness. perance, chastity, truthfulness, fortitude and benevolence are the characteristics and essentials of true manliness. To be manly is to be honest, generous, brave, noble and pure in speech and life. The highest manliness is godliness. Some one has said, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," but he who is honest toward his fellow-man—in short a Christian man—is the noblest work of God .- John B. Gough.

Can the Law Make it Right?

Men who sell beer justify themselves because the law permits them to sell. But does that make it right, or prevent the criminal results that follow beer-drinking? Let us see. The beer-traffic was made legal in Massachusetts in 1870. In Boston, the first year after the passage of the bill, 2,583 more persons were committed to the city prison than during the previous year. In New Bedford, a city of 22,000 persons, in eight months under free beer, crime increased sixty-eight per cent. Letters were addressed to the chiefs of police, district attorneys, and judges of the supreme court throughout the state with regard to the beer. The testimony in the responses was almost invariable, "Beer excites men to acts of violence. "Beer excites men to acts of violence, desperation and crime." England in 1830 legalized the beer-trade. In four years 50,000 new beer-shops were opened and not one whiskey-shop closed. Before the passage of this act the increase of crime was twelve per cent. For ten years after it was thirty-one per cent. Thirty-nine years after this, all the chief constables and superintendents of police through-out Great Britain were asked how to prevent crime. Almost without exception the reply was, "Shut up the beer-houses."

Young women, in treating dissipated young men as equals, do a wrong that they can scarcely realize. Such men should be made to feel that until they redeem themselves, until they walk with correctness and honor in the path of right, good people will stand aloof from them. Girls who respect themselves will not be seen with such young men, and will de-cline to receive them on the familiar footing of friendship. It is a mistaken kindness to poultice when caustic is needed, and I am inclined to think that a little sharp decision on the part of the young girls to-day, would go far to correct the general looseness of morality among young men.—Woman's Journal.

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